

# Trashmouth and Dirtymouth

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## Trashmouth and Dirtymouth by Rea\_LF

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**Summary:**

"Could you shut your motherfucking mouth up? Damnit" he whispered, tilting his head so the curls didn't mess everywhere inside his mouth. Richie's weight was deliciously spread all over his body, and he had to fake a frown as he felt Richie's lips slip into a smile on his neck.

"C'mon Eds, you know you love it.

[Kinktober day 2: Dirty Talk]

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### Author's Note:

Sorry I didn't upload this yesterday, I barely pushed myself to write it in spanish lol. I'm using the movie's timeline so they're like 26.

Eddie and anything that was related in the least with the word "dirty" might seem completely antagonistic.

At least until you bring the matter under the sheets.

"Could you shut your motherfucking mouth up? Damnit" he whispered, tilting his head so the curls didn't mess everywhere inside his mouth. Richie's weight was deliciously spread all over his body, and he had to fake a frown as he felt Richie's lips slip into a smile on his neck.

"C'mon Eds, you know you love it.

To be honest, he really loved it. There was a popular joke known by all of Richie's acquaintances that began when he first introduced him to his company's New Year's Eve party. He had been working there for only a few months, but he had already got himself a group of friends almost as scandalous as he was. Eddie had to admit that his big mouth was certainly-sometimes-a gift.

*"Is he as talkative in bed as in the cabin?"*

*Eddie blushed slightly, clearing his throat.*

*"Sometimes I think it's his tongue gets hard before his dick," he replied, half-serious and half joking.*

It was just as the old saying: Thrashmouth on the streets, Dirtymouth on the sheets. Or something like that.

But it didn't bother him at all.

He lowered his hands a little more, running from the waist to get under his pants and underwear. He took out both thumbs and undressed him from the waist down with a precise, rehearsed pull, one of the few things that he didn't mess up with his casual clumsiness.

The atmosphere was heating up, disorganized.

"I'm going to fuck you so hard, Edward Kaspbrak," he whispered, reaching over to his ear to bite it, "that your mother will finally have a reason to take you to the hospital."

Eddie rolled his eyes and tried to focus more on his guttural tone, so different from the sardonic voice that was usually Richie's, and the promise of the night of his fucking life instead of thinking about Mrs. Kaspbrak.

"Are you ever gonna get... tired of all the 'your mom' j-jokes? Eddie managed to say, between panting. Richie had stuck his nose between Eddie's legs, with clear intentions of waking up his cock, still half soft.

"Oh, my dear Eddie Spaghetti," he replied, clutching his long fingers around his thighs that looked ridiculously thin under those big hands. "You know I could spend my whole life eating your cock up. Especially if it's holding an erection as pretty as this one," he added, taking said dick in one hand as he drew circles over his belly with the other.

"Damn it, Richie ..."

Rich laughed slightly, adjusting his dark curls with a nod. He masturbated him gently, with an almost perfect touch, staring at him throughout the process. Then he pressed his lips to the glans and waited.

"What the fuck are you waiting for, Thrashmouth?" Eddie snapped, raising his head to see him better. He looked back at him, narrowing his eyes slightly.

"Tell me what to do with you," he whispered, his lips parting. Eddie

felt a shiver down his spine

"What?"

"Tell him me what to do with this," he said, running his finger up and down his cock, and then he smiled at him with a sly, sexy grimace. "Tell me how much you want it, and if you're lucky, maybe I'll make it happen," he challenged him, rubbing him steadily, but not conclusely. It was sweet torture.

Eddie was already at that no-return fase, Richie knew that and was willing to take advantage of that. He was delighted of every single vibration he caused on Eddie by increasing the speed of his movements ... just for a second.

"Son of a bitch," he murmured, dropping his head on the pillow. Then he sat up, almost beating Richie with his legs, who watched him with his mouth half open, expectant. In the end, he was Edward Kaspbrak, an adult with a tongue almost as fast (and certainly more venomous) as Richard Tozier's. He was not going to let himself win, not after all those years.

"Tell you what, Thrashmouth? How much do I want you to fuck me?" He placed himself almost on top of Richie's lap, face to face. Richie sat down as best he could on the bed, satisfactorily surprised, looking at him with a slightly shier smile. "How much do I need you inside me, how I want you to fuck me so hard I can feel your cock throbbing between my kidneys?" He snapped, letting his breath condense on Richie's lips.

Richie leaned for a kiss, fascinated, but Eddie pulled away quickly. His heart was pounding hard inside his chest and he was praying that his voice was clear and strong.

"Touch me ... here," he mumbled against the mass of dark curls, where he supposed his ear was, as he took one of those gigantic hands and carried it between his legs ... and further. "I want ... fuck, I want to feel you inside me, for fuck's sake, Richie ..." he groaned as he felt the slippery, slightly icy sensation of the lubricant on his perineum, entering his ass.

He threw his head back violently in a suffocated scream as soon as Richie made that move he had learned a few years ago, and hadn't let it go.

"Your wish... is my command, your highness" he managed to say, in a not very convincing knight impersonation.

"Make me -oh fucking hell and fucking Satan- make me scream, Tozier" he moaned.

Richie closed his eyes and did what he was told, wiggling his fingers and rubbing himself against his bare skin, with his underwear still painfully pressed against his dick. He began to enjoy listening almost as much as he enjoyed talking.

"Touch yourself... and let me see you. Slow it down, like this. I want you to masturbate and look at me while you do it. I want you to think about what would happen if I suddenly feel like it and leave you here, with your knees shaking and your balls getting blue. I want you to touch yourself over your clothes, slowly, without hurry" Eddie ordered and Richie obeyed, completely hypnotized by Eddie's authoritarian tone, familiar and strange at the same time.

"Yes..." His voice sounded weak, almost ashamed.

"And what about this?" Eddie finally pulled off his underwear, pulling his hand away from his legs and rubbing his butt against Richie's ridiculously wet erection, making him moan. "Do you like it, Richie? Do you like it when I put my sweet ass on top of you? Of course you do, you dirty whore, and of course you like it. Look how hard is your dick already" he added, jerking him off and playing with the liquid. Richie looked away, -not that he would ever admit it- but slightly embarrassed. This was getting too much for him. Talking also reduced noticeably Eddie's phobia to germs, but he would notice that later.

"Spit it out, Thrashmouth." Richard felt the latex surface slide subtly against his cock, not daring to open his eyes yet, with Eddie's lascivious speech impregnated all over his body.

"Yes, Eddie, fuck I do like it, damn it" He opened his eyes, only to find Eddie was climbing all over him, barely making contact. "You

know, you know I love when you get..." he gasped, trying to control his breathing "on fucking top, oh, Eddie, please..."

"Please what?" Eddie teased.

"Please fuck me, put my cock inside your cheeks and just screw me, Eds, for the love of God and the whore of Babylon, "he moaned, feeling his erection throb in pain."Fuck me, fucking destroy me, stuff my dick in your ass, butt-fuck me, for Jesus' love please just do it, fuck, *fuck*"

"You suck my dick with that mouth? Kinky Briefcase, that might be your new character's voice" And, without giving him enough time to reply, he stuck his thighs around Richie's hips, murmuring nonsense about penises, sweat, and something like *fuck me, fuck me*, which, naturally, Richie did like they were seventeen again. His brain was too steamed to answer anything else than "*Yes, Eddie, fuck, Edward K \_*"

"Kinky Briefcase, Eds? Really? That sounds like the main character in Mrs. Kaspbrak's dirty books-

" Beep-beep, Thrashmouth"

"You weren't bitching about my dirty mouth last night-" His sentence was cut by a pillow in the face. Still, no regrets.